



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

work of some baffled painter. This is a type of these anecdotes. When Gainsborough first came to London, Garrick and Foote called upon him, to have their portraits taken. The artist took them in turns, and went to work; but it seemed to him that his sitter never had the same countenance two consecutive minutes. At last he flung down his brushes in complete despair. The two friends left in all soberness, and Gainsborough watched them down stairs, only to exclaim, as they left the door, "Rot those two fellows! I begin to believe them two rogues. As to that little fellow (Garrick) he has everybody's face but his own." At last he fully persuaded himself they must be "London rogues!"

There are some curious stories told of that wonderful power by which Garrick could even deceive his friends, as regards his identity. Scott relates one, he heard of, how even his wife did not know him, until her spaniel manifested symptoms of recognition. This trick upon portrait-painters is rather a common joke, however. Take, as a case in point, an anecdote told of the boyhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who used to accompany his father to the green-room, and amuse the actors by sketching their likenesses. He was trying one day on Edwin, the actor (whom Charles Lamb likens Munden to), who commenced the sitting with a sober and rather serious aspect, which he suffered the young artist to take in outline, till he came to the eyes, when he began gradually to extend and change it, raising his brows, compressing his lips, and widening his mouth, till his face wore the expression of brightness and gaiety. Tom started in wonder, and thought his own eyes at fault, and took another paper; but was again foiled, until at last he dropped pencil and hand, and looked in mute wonder, which Edwin at length relieved by a burst of merriment.

Northcote related to Hazlitt quite a different experience with Kemble, who was sitting to him as Richard III., and who gave him no assistance whatever to the expression he wished to give, but remained quite immovable, as if sitting for an ordinary portrait. Boaden remarked therefrom, "This was his way. Kemble never put himself to any exertion, except in his profession." Another apposite anecdote is told of Garrick and West. When that celebrated painter was about to paint his Death of Wolfe, he received a call from the actor, who thought to give him some assistance by throwing himself on the floor, and commencing to die. He was soon interrupted. "My dear Mr. Garrick, I am fully sensible of your kind intentions; but so far from the assistance you offer being likely to serve me, it would do me the greatest injury." "Eh! eh! how, how?" asked the hero, regaining his legs. "Why, my dear sir, were it to be known, when I exhibited my picture, that you had done all this for me, whatever merit it might possess would be attributed to you." I find the preceding anecdote in *Dibdin's Reminiscences*. Mrs. Yates, the actress, told Sir Joshua, "I always endeavor to keep the same expression and countenance when I sit to you,

sir; and therefore I generally direct my thoughts to one and the same subject."

My epistolary notes have lengthened beyond my preconception; but I cannot close them without reminding you that Garrick did something further for Art, when he ordered that statue of Shakspeare by Roubillac, which stands at present in the halls of the British Museum, to whom its owner bequeathed it. I should like to see a worthier, and less theatric representation of Shakspeare; but yet this is by no means despicable. It cost Garrick, I think, five hundred guineas, and was designed for his temple to Shakspeare in his grounds at Hampton. The one he presented to Stratford, and is at present upon its Town-hall, is, if I remember rightly, nearly a duplicate. Garrick's gallery, which was sold at his widow's death, numbered some 250 pictures, among others, a Del Sarto (a Madonna and Child with attendant angels), presented to him at Rome, by Lord Baltimore. It cost Lord B. £500, and brought £267 15s. at Garrick's sale. The taste that Garrick displayed in the grounds of his country villa, particularly I believe in the advantageous disposition of some paths over a flat, was evidence that his eye was well drilled in effects of nature in landscape as in man.

The love for the beautiful is also one mark of the gentleman. Not the beauty that can be found in the material world alone, but in the moral and intellectual—which depends upon order, proportion, and harmony. This love of the beautiful enters into music and poetry, distinguishing the gentleman from the common man in his pretensions of these inner and most real relations. The beauty that he finds in these sources is akin to that of the enthusiasts among scientific men, who see beauties in their works not discovered by the common eye. This love for the beautiful is in a measure identical with good taste. Taste is the satisfaction derived from those things which are congruous with our moral nature; *perfect taste* is the *greatest* satisfaction with those things that are congruous with our moral nature in its purity. Want of taste is a want of sympathy with these, and bad taste is the finding satisfaction with other things. The gentleman then is a man of taste—loving nature as the perfection of art—which is the art of God. He has a love for the fine arts, as they are the highest skill of human ingenuity in arranging harmoniously, in proper order, and with due proportion, those things which it desires to fashion.

—Dr. Vinton.

SONG.

I saw, where the skies were soft and blue,
A lake in their clear light dancing,
In the sweet south wind it sparkled and flew,
Like a sea of silver glancing.
With a flash of foam, and a dash of spray,
It kept the air awake, love.
And so, through all its sunny day,
May your life be like that lake, love!

I saw that lake when the sun was set,
And a night of stars was glowing;
But it wore the same glad beauty yet,
Though no sweet south wind was blowing.
Not a wave but shone in that lovely light,
Not a bubble but laughed outright, love!
May your darkest hour ne'er be less bright
Than that lake, that lake at night, love! C. S. R.